

dealer.

This is everything we used to love about the genre, when scouring the aisles of the local video store before the major chains ran them into the ground (neh, neh, Blockbuster, where are ya stores now?). The stories are outrageous but totally enjoyable, the gore is laughable (though a split body is well done), and the special effects pretty decent for the time period, which are both person-in-rubber suit, and digital. There is a computer in one scene where you can tell they were just starting to get to graphics; gotta love older technology, and appreciate how much has changed in such a short time.

Another aspect of the genre that this film uses extensively is the way it is lit. Dark rooms mean the use of primary color lighting. *Creepshow* (1982) used this a lot, for example. Splays of green, blue, and especially red fill the screen to indicate emotions, like fear, in the visual paradigm of the way music is often used.

Two of the short films, "KSS-X" (the bookended wraparound) and "Cellar Space," were directed by Tom Alexander, while the "Blues in the Night" segment was directed by Wynn Winberg (who produced *RepliGator* [1996], also released on Whacked Films), though the film flows seamlessly. While both Alexander and Winberg have been active in the film business for many years; this is their only listed directing credit.

So, if you want a fun, empty calorie stuffer, this is a perfect way to spend a rainy evening, or just to veg out and have a giggle or a few.



Repligator

Directed by Bret McCormick

Whacked Movies

84 minutes, 1996 / 2013

Whackedmovies.com

MVDvisual.com

"It is a silly place."

- King Arthur, in Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)

Oh, where to even start on this film... Let's begin with the basic premise. In a secret government laboratory hidden in deep in the desert, a bunch of feuding scientists create a replicator (i.e., transporter) that is combined with a brainwashing software which turns males into luscious females who are programmed with "rampant nymphomania," but when they have orgasms, they turn into upright human alligators (hence the film title).

Yes, this is a comedy, at the most base level possible, but it doesn't really try to be anything else, which is why it succeeds, such as it is. For example, some of the characters include Dr. Kildare (played by the original Leatherface, Gunnar Hansen), Dr. Goodbody (scream queen Brinke Stevens, in a later shot scene shown twice!), Dr. Stanley Oliver (get it? Stan and Ollie...), Colonel Sanders, General Mills, Colonel Sergeant, Pvt. Lapdance, and Pvt. Poontang. You see what I'm saying.

Now, this is not to say this is lacking in entertainment. Actually, I found this more enjoyable than most of the output of anything associated with Seth Rogan, the Wilson Brothers (Owen and Luke), or especially Adam Sandler. This film is more like *Porky's* (1982) meets *The Lord of the G-Strings: The Femaleship of the String* (2003): outrageous humor mixed with lots of nudity (though sex is discussed constantly, almost none is shown).

Dr. Oliver, played by Keith Kjomes, who is about the size of Oliver Hardy but with less hair, is also

the writer of all this. He wisely wrote himself the best lines, and ends up with the hottest woman.

Speaking of smoldering females, nearly all seem to be in a constant state of being topless, or in provocative clothing, include the stunning TJ Myers, and a few others who are not listed in the credits, such as those who play the female version of West, and Pvt. Bruno. Of course being nearly undressed more often than not is the whole point, ain't it?

Most of the acting is so atrocious the cast seem to be in what I call John Lithgow sit-com mode (I don't care *how* many Emmy's he's won, he was *terrible* on *3rd Rock from the Sun*). Okay, maybe not always that bad, but everyone seems to acting like a kid in a candy store, having a lot of fun filming this, especially the antagonist, Randy Clower (who plays Dr. Fields). In a 7-minute interview on one of the two extras, the director discusses how he was influenced by Roger Corman. I can see it, as far as low budget goes, but he seems to emulate the Corman of the 1970s and '80s (e.g., *Candy Stripe Nurses*, *Galaxy of Terror*) rather than of the early '60s. Again, I don't mean this as a bad thing, just an observation.

This film is so ludicrous, so fun, it's also a must see if you're a fan of the genre. You won't know whether to laugh, groan at the audacity or just say out loud, "What the fuck was *that*?" Perhaps the right choice is all of the above.

This is definitely a low budget gem in its own weird and twisted way. The digital special effects are laughable now, but at the time were pretty keen, such as laser blasts, people/gators exploding into green digital drops, and machinery that is now laughably antiquated. As for the gators (which are actually closer to crocodiles, with wider and shorter snouts, though I agree that "RepliGator" sound better than "RepliCrock"), it's obviously rubber masks (it is explained more in the "Making of" second extra feature) and hands that look somewhat cheesy, and yet also cool. People are attacked by the creatures and bitten, but rather than being killed, they turn into stereotypically swishy straight-imagining-of-gay zombies (though one transsexual character is shown in a somewhat gentler light).

One of the things I like most about the film is, and I repeat, that it never, ever, *ever* tries to be more than what it is: a six-day shoot of epic lack of proportions, and the audience is all the better for it. No pretending that it's a James Cameron sci-fi epic, or even a mid-budget Kristin Wiig comedy, this is solid juvenile, masculinist envisioning that culminates in what could be the wit-level of an hour-and-a-half fart joke. You may find it amusing, you may find it irritating, or you may find it highly offensive (and it is from beginning to end), but you will not be bored.

Full movie VOD: